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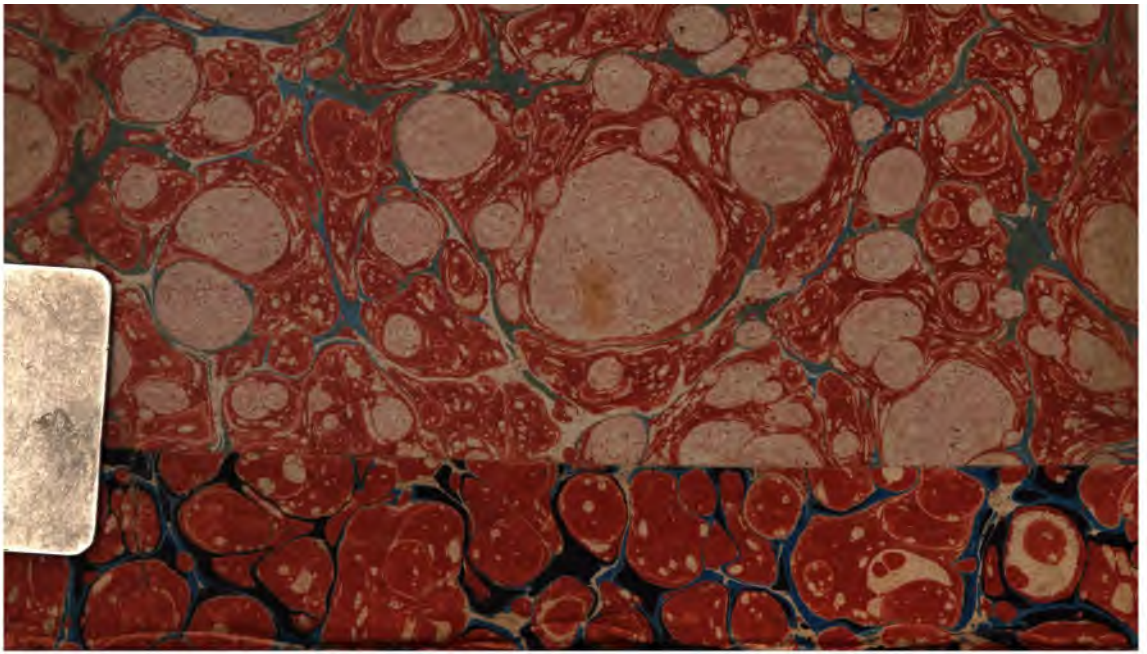

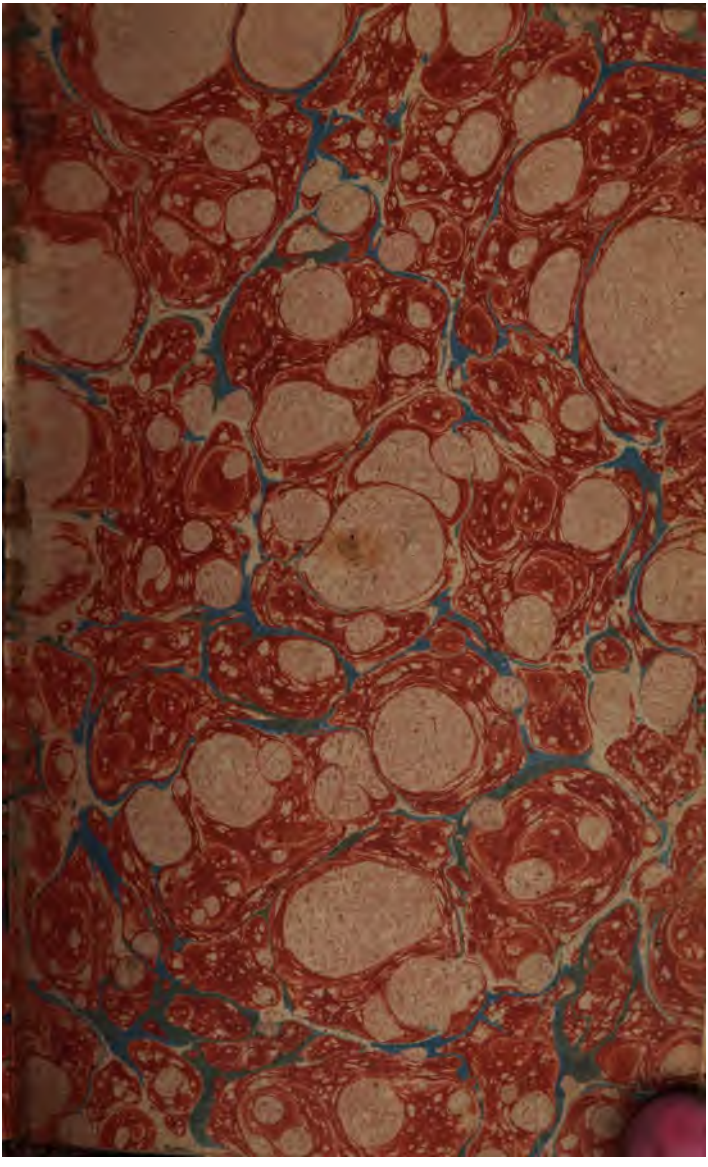

To the Bodleian Library, 16 July, 1915.
Edward S. Dodgson.

On p.12 "the cat hawlin" is not explained at all in the English Dialect Dictionary of Dr. Joseph Wright: and this and the gat-tackle of p. 136 might usefully be added to "Murray's" Word-book.
On p. 163 Dr. Fry, of St. Johns College, Oxford, is named.
From page 136 it appears that cat may mean a rope for the anchor.

280 f. 164

POEMS,

BY

EDWARD RUSHTON.

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POEMS.

TO A REDBREAST

IN NOVEMBER,

Written near one of the Docks of Liverpool.

THOU, on whose breast in early days,
With pleasure-beaming eye we gaze,
Remembering how, in times of yore,
The babes with leaves were cover'd o'er;
Poor bird, 'tis strange that thou shouldst roam
So far from thy sequester'd home,

Shouldst leave the pure, the silent shade,
For all this filth, this crash of trade,
And, while dark-visag'd winter holds his reign,
Shouldst hither come, sweet fool, to waste thy warbling strain.

The Lark may reach the rosy cloud,
And strike his epic lyre aloud;
The high perch'd Throstle, clear and strong
May roll his nervous ode along;
The Blackbird from the briery bower
His deep ton'd elegy may pour;
Yet these could never soothe my ear
Like thee, delightful sonneteer;
Like thee, who thro' the raw and gusty day
Chaunt'st from yon lofty pile, thy brief, thy pensive lay.

Thus, richer than the dew-wash'd rose,
On some lone bank the violet blows,
And ere the frowns of winter fail,
Like thee, with sweetness freights the gale;
And thus, full oft, in shades obscure,
Th' unbending minstrel, proud and poor,
All shivering in misfortune's storm,
While half nutrition wastes his form,
From fancy's heights beholds the crowd below,
And spite of varied ills, uncheck'd his raptures flow.

Sweet are thy notes, yet minds intent
On life's prime object—cent. per cent.
Heed not thy soft delicious strain,
Nor any notes, save notes of gain;
Oh Ruddock, couldst thou name some shore
By Britain's trade uncurs'd before,

Where Afric's injur'd race would come
In crowds, for half the present sum,
Or couldst thou aid the speculating throng,
The great commercial fest would pause, and praise thy song.

Sweet are thy notes, and yet I fear
Thou hast a dull and tasteless ear,
Else why forsake the lonely glen
For this dire deaf'ning din of men;
The rattling cart, the driver's bawl,
The mallet's stroke, the hawker's call,
The child's shrill scream, the windlass-song,
As slow the vessel moves along,
All these commix'd, with many a harsh sound more,
Rise to thy bleak abode in one discordant roar.

Sweet is thy song, and yet its flow
Comes o'er me like a tale of woe;
And ah! I fear, poor friendless thing,
That thou hast cause to droop thy wing;
If tempests whirl, and hailstones fly,
Thou hast no nest, no shelter nigh;
If famine pinch thee to the bone,
Thou canst not feed on slates and stone,
And tho' the corn-room near thy station lies,
Yet men have callous hearts, and cats have piercing eyes.

Poor Robin, yes, when howling blasts
Are heard among the neighbouring masts,
When dark clouds drive, and rain and sleet
Against the window fiercely beat,
It grieves me sore that thou, whose strains
Have sooth'd full oft my mental pains,

Shouldst feel within thy tiny craw
That bane of song, fell hunger's gnaw,
And oft I wish that thou wouldst hither come,
And make, in these hard times, my shelter'd box thy home.

What tho' I have an unfledg'd brood,
That daily chirp and gape for food,
There's not a nestling but with glee,
Would spare a crumb or two for thee;
Come then sweet bird, and thou shalt find
Protection from the nipping wind,
Shalt have thy orange doublet stor'd,
With the best fare our means afford,
And ere the snowdrop shews its spotless head,
Free as the mountain winds thy pinions may be spread.

SOLICITUDE.

OFT when the tempest lords it wide,
I skirt the roaring sea, Mary,
Or thro' the rocking forest glide,
And mope and brood on thee, Mary;
Now dark despair my mind enshrouds,
Now hope displays her light, Mary,
Like the wan moon 'midst driving clouds,
Now muffled, and now bright, Mary.

If in the social circle press'd,
While all around is glee, Mary,
Unmoved I sit, a silent guest,
And think on love and thee, Mary;
I see thee girt with splendid beaux,
Yet these no tortures bring, Mary,
The butterfly plays round the rose,
But has no power to sting, Mary.

The gorgeous fool, who vaunts his wealth,
Creates no anxious thought, Mary,
Like mental peace and rosy health,
Thy love can ne'er be bought, Mary;
But oh! perchance some polish'd youth,
Well skill'd in guile and art, Mary,
With witching tongue may vow his truth,
And steal into thy heart, Mary.

Yet even then, refus'd, depress'd,
Nay steep'd in blackest woe, Mary,
Yes, even then, if thou wert bless'd,
No more my plaints should flow, Mary;
But oh! my heart declares the lie,
Declares! it then would burst, Mary,
Indeed thou must each suit deny,
Or oh! I shall be curst, Mary.

WILL CLEWLINE.

FROM Jamaica's hot clime, and her pestilent dews,
From the toil of a sugar-stow'd bark;
From the perilous boatings that oft thin the crews,
And fill the wide maw of the shark:
From fever, storm, famine, and all the sad store,
Of hardships by seamen endur'd,
Behold poor Will Clewline escaped, and once more,
With his wife and his children safe moor'd.

View the rapture that beams in his sun-embrown'd face,
While he folds his loved Kate to his breast,
While his little ones trooping to share his embrace,
Contend who shall first be caress'd:
View them climb his loved knee, while each tiny heart swells,
As he presses the soft rosy lip,
And of cocoa nuts, sugar, and tamarinds tells,
That are soon to arrive from the ship.

Then see him reclin'd on his favorite chair,
With his arm round the neck of his love,
Who tells how his friends and his relatives fare,
And how their dear younglings improve.
The evening approaches, and round the snug fire
The little ones sport on the floor,
When lo! while delight fills the breast of the sire,
Loud thunderings are heard at the door.

And now, like a tempest that sweeps thro' the sky,
And kills the first buds of the year,
Oh view, midst this region of innocent joy,
A gang of fierce hirelings appear;
They seize on their prey all relentless as fate,
He struggles—is instantly bound,
Wild scream the poor children, and lo! his lov'd Kate,
Sinks pale and convuls'd to the ground.

To the hold of a tender, deep, crouded, and foul,
Now view your brave seaman confin'd,
And on the bare planks, all indignant of soul,
All unfriended behold him reclin'd.
The children's wild screamings still ring in his ear,
He broods on his Kate's poignant pain,
He hears the cat hawling—his pangs are severe,
He feels, but he scorns to complain.

Arrived now at Plymouth, the poor enslaved tar,
Is to combat for freedom and laws,
Is to brave the rough surge in a vessel of war,
He sails—and soon dies in the cause.
Kate hears the sad tidings and never smiles more,
She falls a meek martyr to grief,
The children, kind friends and relations deplore,
But the parish alone gives relief.

Ye statesmen who manage this cold-blooded land,
And who boast of your seamen's exploits,
Ah think how your death-dealing bulwarks are mann'd,
And learn to respect human rights.
Like felons no more let the sons of the main,
Be sever'd from all that is dear;
If their sufferings and wrongs are a national stain,
O let the foul stain disappear.

ON THE APPROACH

OF THE GOUT.

TIS strange that thou shouldst leave the downy bed,
The Turkey carpet, and the soft settee,
Shouldst leave the board with choicest dainties spread,
To fix thy odious residence with me.
Tis strange! that thou, attach'd to plenteous ease,
Shouldst leave those dwellings for a roof like mine,
Where plainest meals keen appetites appease,
And where thou wilt not find one drop of wine.
Tis passing strange, yet shouldst thou persevere,
And fill these bones with agonizing pangs,
Firm as a rock thy tortures will I bear,
And teach the affluent how to bear thy fangs.
Yes, shouldst thou visit me, capricious gout,
Hard fare shall be thy lot, by Jove! I'll starve thee out.

BLINDNESS.

AH! think, if June's delicious rays
The eye of sorrow can illume,
Or wild December's beamless days
Can fling o'er all a transient gloom.
Ah! think, if skies obscure or bright,
Can thus depress or cheer the mind,
Ah! think, 'midst clouds of utter night,
What mournful moments wait the Blind.

And who shall tell his cause for woe,
To love the wife he ne'er must see,
To be a sire, yet not to know
The silent babe that climbs his knee.
To have his feelings daily torn,
With pain, the passing meal to find;
To live distress'd and die forlorn,
Are ills that oft await the Blind.

When to the breezy uplands led,
At noon, or blushing eve, or morn,
He hears the redbreast o'er his head,
While round him breathes the scented thorn.
But oh! instead of nature's face,
Hills, dales, and woods, and streams combined,
Instead of tints, and forms, and grace,
Night's blackest mantle shrouds the Blind.

If rosy youth, bereft of sight,
Midst countless thousands, pines unblest,
As the gay flower withdrawn from light,
Bows to the earth where all must rest.
Ah! think, when life's declining hours
To chilling penury are consign'd,
And pain has palsied all his powers,
Ah! think what woes await the Blind.

TOUSSAINT

TO HIS TROOPS.

WHETHER forc'd from burning shores,
Where the tawny lion roars,
Whether doom'd with stripes and chains,
Here to dress your native plains;
Men of noble daring, say,
Shall we crouch to Gallia's sway;
Shall we wield again the hoe,
Taste again the cup of woe,
Or shall we rouse, and with the lightening's force
Blast the relentless foe, and desolate his course.

When the world's eternal sire
Placed on high yon glorious fire,
Were the splendid beams design'd,
For a part of human kind,
No! ye sable warriors, no!
All that live partake the glow;
Thus on man th' impartial God
Light, and winds, and rains bestow'd,
And widely thus were pour'd his dearest rights,
And he who slights the gift—th' Almighty donor slights.

Now with canvas white as foam,
See the vaunted legions come,
Nerv'd by freedom once they rose
And o'erwhelm'd a world of foes.
Now by freedom nerv'd no more,
Lo! the miscreants seek our shore;

Yes, the French who waste their breath,
Chaunting liberty or death,
Sweep the blue waves at usurpation's word,
And bring, oh fiends accurs'd! oppression or the sword.

Men whose famish'd sides have felt,
Strokes by dastard drivers dealt,
Men whose sorrowing souls have borne,
Wrong and outrage, toil and scorn,
Men whose wives the pallid brood,
Have by torturing arts subdu'd,
Friends of Toussaint! warriors brave!
Call to mind the mangled slave!
And Oh! remember, should your foes succeed,
That not yourselves alone, but all you love must bleed.

Fathers—shall the tiny race,
Objects of your fond embrace,

They who 'neath the tamarind tree,
Oft have gaily climb'd your knee;
Fathers, shall those prattlers share,
Pangs that slaves are doom'd to bear?
Shall their mirth and lisping tones,
Be exchanged for shrieks and groans?
And shall those arms that round your necks have twin'd,
Be to the twisted thong, and endless toil consign'd!

Towering spirits! ye who broke,
Slavery's agonizing yoke;
Ye, who like the wirlwind rush'd,
And your foes to atoms crush'd;
Ye, who from Domingo's strand,
Swept the daring British band;
Ye, oh warriors! ye who know,
Freedom's bliss, and slavery's woe,

Say! shall we bow to Buonaparte's train,
Or with unshaken nerves yon murderous whites disdain.

From those eyes that round me roll,
Wildly flash th' indignant soul;
On those rugged brows I see,
Stern unyielding liberty,
Yes! your daring aspects show,
France shall soon repent the blow;
Soon shall famish'd sharks be fed;
Vultures soon shall tear the dead;
Oh glorious hour! now, now, yon fiends defy,
Assert great nature's cause, live free, or bravely die.

THE

NEGLECTED TAR.

To ocean's sons I lift the strain,
A race renown'd in story;
A race whose wrongs are Britain's stain,
Whose deeds are Britain's glory.
By them when courts have banished peace,
Your sea-girt land's protected,
But when war's horrid thunderings cease,
These bulwarks are neglected.

When thickest darkness covers all,
Far on the trackless ocean,
When lightenings dart, when thunders roll,
And all is wild commotion;
When o'er the bark the foam-capt waves,
With boisterous sweep are rolling,
The seaman feels, yet nobly braves,
The storm's terrific howling.

When long becalm'd on southern brine,
Where scorching beams assail him,
When all the canvas hangs supine,
And food and water fail him,
Then oft he dreams of that loved shore,
Where joys are ever reigning,
The watch is called, his rapture's o'er,
He sighs, but scorns complaining.

Now deep immers'd in sulphurous smoke,
Behold him at his station,
He loads his gun, he cracks his joke,
And moves all animation.
The battle roars, the ship's a wreck,
He smiles amid the danger,
And tho' his messmates strew the deck,
To fear his soul's a stranger.

Or burning on that noxious coast,
Where death so oft befriends him;
Or pinch'd by hoary Greenland's frost,
True courage still attends him.
No clime can this eradicate,
He glories in annoyance,
He, fearless, braves the storms of fate,
And bids grim death defiance.

Why should the man, who knows no fear,
In peace be thus neglected?
Behold him move along the pier,
Pale, meagre, and dejected;
He asks a birth with downcast eye,
His prayers are disregarded,
Refus'd—ah hear the veteran sigh,
And say, are tars rewarded?

Much to these fearless souls you owe,
In peace then would you starve them?
What say you, patriot souls? oh no!
Admire, protect, preserve them.
And oh! reflect, if war again
Should menace your undoing,
Reflect, who then would sweep the main,
And shield your realm from ruin.

CHORUS,

Then oh! protect the hardy tar,
Be mindful of his merit,
And if pure justice urge the war,
He'll shew his daring spirit,

ON

THE DEATH

OF

HUGH MULLIGAN.

A BARD from the MERSEY is gone,
Whose carols with energy flow'd;
Whose harp had a wildness of tone,
And a sweetness but rarely bestow'd.
Then say—ye dispensers of fame,
Of wreathes that for ages will bloom,
Ah! say, shall poor MULLIGAN's name,
Go silently down to the tomb?

When the lordly are call'd from their state,
The marble their virtue imparts,
Yet the marble, ye insolent great,
Is often less cold than your hearts.
When the life of the warrior is o'er,
His deeds every tongue shall rehearse,
And now a pale Bard is no more,
Ah! would you deny him a verse!

The thrush from the icicl'd bough,
Gives his song to the winterly gale,
And the violet, 'midst half melted snow,
Diffuses its sweets thro' the vale.
And thus, while the minstrel I mourn,
'Mid the blasts of adversity pin'd,
While he droop'd all obscure and forlorn,
He pour'd his wild sweets on the wind.

Tho' the clouds that had sadden'd his days,
Were scatter'd and ting'd near the close;
Tho' he saw a few comforting rays,
Twas too late, and he sunk to repose.
So the bark, that fierce winds has endur'd,
And the shocks of the pityless wave,
Finds a harbour, yet scarcely is moor'd,
When she sinks to the dark oozy grave.

To the turf where poor MULLIGAN lies,
The lover of genius shall stray,
And there should a rank weed arise,
He shall pluck the intruder away.
But lowly, and simple, and sweet,
Ah! should the wild violet appear,
He will sigh o'er an emblem so meet,
And will water its cup with a tear.

TO A BALD-HEADED

POETICAL FRIEND.

WHENE'ER a mount rich ore contains,
Of trees, and shrubs, tis ever bare;
So where we find poetic brains,
We seldom see luxuriant hair.
Perhaps the heat which minerals yield,
The vegetative power destroys,
So where poetic fire's conceal'd,
The surface oft uncover'd lies.
The mount is too an emblem meet,
Of his reward who strikes the lyre,
For in these days howe'er replete,
The bard may be, with innate fire,
Yet will his covering, spite of all his care,
Prove but too often like the mountain's—bare.

TO FRANCE.

CANST thou, who burst with proud disdain
Each high-wrought link of slavery's chain;
Canst thou, who cleans'd, with noble rage,
Th' Augean filth of many an age;
Canst thou, whose mighty vengeance hurl'd
Destruction on thy foes—the world,
Yet bade th' infuriate slaughter cease,
When vanquish'd despots whin'd for peace;
Canst thou, O France! from heights like these descend,
And with each nerve unbrac'd—to proud Napoleon bend?

Was it for this thy warriors rose,
And paralyzed vast hordes of foes;
For this, all prodigal of life,
They rush'd amid the bellowing strife,
And like the desert's burning breath,
Where'er they rush'd, they scatter'd death;
For this, with many a gaping wound,
Thy daring sons have strew'd the ground,
And girt with smoaking gore, and hills of slain,
Have gloried in their cause, and spurn'd th' oppressor's chain.

When vaunting freemen join'd th' array,
And gloomy squadrons prowl'd for prey,
Was it for this, beneath the wave
Thy seamen found an oozy grave?
For this, when all around was wreck,
And mingled horrors stain'd the deck,

When slowly settling t'wards their fate,
While the broad banners waved elate,
Was it for this they VIVE LA NATION! cried,
Scorn'd the submissive act, and felt th' o'erwhelming tide?

Was it for this the sorrowing sire
Has seen his bleeding boy expire?
For this, the matron, sad and pale,
Has told her son's disastrous tale?
For this, the widow oft has press'd
With tears the nursling to her breast?
Was it to lift th' ambitious soul
Of ONE, above the law's control,
That thus dire war left millions to deplore,
And the broad earth and seas were tinged with human gore?

No!—fearless France shall ne'er be found
Like the huge brute on India's ground,

That through the ranks impetuous sweeps,
And loads the field with mangled heaps,
And yet, each scene of carnage o'er,
Obeys that goad he felt before;
No!—fearless France shall still maintain
Those rights that millions died to gain,
And soon, tho' laurel wreathes her chains adorn,
Shall shew a grovelling world that chains are still her scorn

O France! thy energetic soul
Will never brook unjust control,
Will never crouch to slavery's load,
Nor bear th' oppressor's iron goad:
No!—France who bade her monarch fall,
Will ne'er before this idol crawl,
Will ne'er receive with abject awe,
A martial miscreant's will as law;

No!—banish fear, ye friends of human kind,
France to a giant's arm unites a towering mind.

He who o'erwhelms his country's foe,
Yet lays his country's freedom low,
Must fear, tho' girt with guards and state,
From each bold arm the stroke of fate;
And thou, usurping warrior, thou
To whom the weak and timid bow,
Thou splendid curse, whose actions prove
That states may be undone by love;
Thou foe to man, upheld by martial breath,
Thy march is on a mine—thy every dream is death.

And when this meteor's baleful rays
Are lost in freedom's ardent blaze,
Yes, when indignant France shall rise,
Her form all nerve, all fire her eyes,

And scorning e'en the bayonet's sway,
Shall brush th' audacious wretch away,
Then, with degraded mien, no more
Shall man his fellow-man adore;
Then o'er his powers shall principle preside,
And the bright star of Truth shall prove his polar guide.

THE

ARDENT LOVER.

AH Mary! by that feeling mind,
Improved by thought, by taste refin'd,
And by those blue bewitching eyes,
And by those soul-seducing sighs,
And by that cheek's delicious bloom,
And by those lips that breathe perfume,
Here do I bow, at beauty's shrine,
And pledge this glowing heart of mine.

The tame, the impotent of soul,
A haughty mandate may control,
May make him slight a Helen's charms,
And take a dowdy to his arms;
But when did dark maternal schemes,
Or the stern father's towering dreams,
Or when did power, or affluence move
The heart, sublim'd by real love,

The cold slow thing that tamely woos,
Just as his worldly friends may chuse,
Is but a snail on beauty's rose,
That crawls and soils where'er he goes.
Not so the youth, whose mantling veins,
Are fill'd with love's ecstatic pains,
He heeds nor gold, nor craft, nor pride,
But strains, all nerve, his blushing bride.

Come then, oh come! and let me find
A pleader in thy feeling mind,
And let the beams from those blue eyes
Disperse the clouds that round me rise;
And let those lips, that breathe perfume,
With speed pronounce my blissful doom,
With speed before the sacred shrine,
Pledge thy dear self for ever mine.

THE

LASS OF LIVERPOOL.

WHERE cocoas lift their tufted heads,
And orange blossoms scent the breeze,
Her charms the mild Mulatto spreads,
And moves with soft and wanton ease;
And I have seen her witching wiles,
And I have kept my bosom cool,
For how could I forget thy smiles,
O! lovely lass of Liverpool.

The softest tints the conch displays,
The cheek of her I love outvies,
And the sea breeze 'midst burning rays,
Is not more cheering than her eyes;
Dark as the pettrel is her hair,
And Sam, who calls me love-sick fool,
Ne'er saw a tropic bird more fair
Than my sweet lass of Liverpool.

Tho' doom'd from early life to brave
The feverish swamp, and furious blast,
Tho' doom'd to face the foam-capt wave,
And mount the yard and quivering mast;
Tho' doom'd to brave each noxious soil,
And train'd in stern misfortune's school,
Yet still, O! 'twould be bliss to toil
For thee, sweet lass of Liverpool.

And when we reach the crowded pier,
And the broad yards are quickly mann'd,
O! should my lovely girl be near,
And sweetly smile, and wave her hand,
With ardent soul, I'd spring to shore,
And scorning dull decorum's rule,
To my fond bosom o'er and o'er
Would press the lass of Liverpool.

WOMAN.

LET the hawk shew his wing and each warbler shall cease,
Let the north keenly rage and each flow'ret shall close,
Yet woman, sweet woman, more simple than these,
Oft looks for protection to merciless foes.
O! may she when lovers with fervency plead,
All their glances, their sighs, and their vows, disbelieve,
And if whinings and oaths to their flattery succeed,
O! may she reflect that e'en these may deceive.

The dolphin pursuing his swift-flying prey,
Shews a thousand rich tints which before were unseen,
So in love's glowing chase woman's foes oft display
New ardors of mind, and new graces of mien;
Yet ah! when new ardors, new graces arise,
New arts are contrived to allure and enslave,
And passion a pathway of roses supplies,
O'er which the poor female oft trips to the grave.

The man who in dealing with man is correct,
In dealing with woman, a traitor shall prove,
Shall attempt to seduce where he ought to protect,
And blight with his sighs the sweet blossoms of love:
Then be firm, Oh ye maids! and the bold still repel,
And with keen circumspection the artful disarm,
For man is a rattle-snake, wily and fell,
And you the poor birds oft destroy'd by his charm.

LUCY.

KEEN blew the wind abaft the beam,
The moon was wrapt in sable clouds,
The reefs were in, and many a spray
High mounting, wash'd the weather shrouds;
The middle watch was nearly closed,
Hoarse thundering peals remote were heard,
When slowly moving o'er the deck,
A shadowy female form appear'd.

Her cheek was whiter than the foam
That caps the huge Atlantic wave,
Her lip was like the welkin's hue,
Ere the dark storm begins to rave;
Her form a winding sheet conceal'd,
She paused—and awful shook her head,
Then with a hollow thrilling voice
Thus to the fear-struck mate she said—

" Well may'st thou tremble, faithless wretch;
" Thy clammy brow, that stifled groan,
" Those glaring eye-balls, all confess
" That injured Lucy still is known.
" Yes! Edward, here behold the shade
" Of her thy falsehood triumph'd o'er,
" Of her who all thy vows believ'd,
" Of her who fell to rise no more.

" Didst thou not say my cheek display'd
" The tropic morn's delicious bloom,
" Didst thou not say my breath excell'd
" The ripe anana's rich perfume,
" Didst thou not say my azure eyes
" Surpass'd the cloudless Indian sky,
" And yet, to gain a wealthy bride,
" Say, didst not thou from Lucy fly?

" With pale and agonizing look
" My mother heard the tale of woe,
" And tho' she tried to soothe my pangs,
" Grief's silent throbs soon laid her low;
" To the cold grave I saw her borne,
" Ah Edward! what a sight was there,
" A mother prostrate in the dust!
" A daughter doom'd to dark despair!

" Abandon'd by the man I loved,
" Cast on the world, o'erwhelm'd with shame,
" I droop'd like some poor blasted flower,
" And soon I bore a mother's name;
" My boy, my sweet one, breathed and died,
" No tears of mine his turf bedew'd,
" For withering grief had touch'd my brain,
" And now I wander'd wild and rude.

" Oft have I roam'd the flowery heath,
" That skirts the ever-dashing wave,
" And there have pluck'd the primrose pale,
" To deck a mother's grassy grave;
" And when the wintery tempest howl'd,
" With naked head and bosom bare,
" Oft have I swept the frozen snows,
" And laugh'd to scorn the troubled air.

" Pale as the snow-drop on the waste,
" Now wildly chaunting would I rove,
" Now venting curses on thy head,
" And now, all softness, breathing love;
" Where sea-fowls lodge, last night of all,
" As on the breezy steep I stood,
" Methought I heard thy well-known voice,
" I scream'd, and headlong reach'd the flood.

" And now all on a bed of weeds,
" Full many a fathom deep is laid
" That form thy wily tongue has prais'd,
" That form thy faithless heart betray'd;
" But mark, oh Edward! mark thy doom,
" Thou never more must peace enjoy,
" By day remorse shall gnaw thy breast,
" By night my shade shall still be nigh.

" When livid lightnings flash around,
" High on the yard I'll pierce thine ear,
" In calms, with thee I'll walk the deck,
" And cross thee midst the storm's career;
" At sea I'll haunt thy hammock's side,
" And draw thy curtains when on shore,
" Thy flesh shall waste, and soon or late
" The dark, dark surge shall whelm thee o'er.

" And mark,"—she paused, for now the east
Display'd the first faint streaks of day,
The phantom quick dissolved in air,
And the pale seaman died away;
The watch now bore him from the deck,
He lived awhile oppress'd with gloom,
And Lucy nightly kept her word,
Till Edward found a watery tomb.

MARY LE MORE.

AH! cold-hearted strangers your merciless doings,
Long, long, must the children of Erin deplore,
All sad is my soul when I view yon black ruins,
Where once stood the cabin of Mary le More.
Her father, God rest him! lov'd Ireland most dearly,
All our wrongs, all our sufferings, he felt most severely,
And with freedom's firm sons, he united sincerely,
But gone is the father of Mary le More.

One cold winter's eve, as poor Dermot sat musing,
Hoarse curses alarm'd him, and crash went the door,
Th' assailants soon entered, and straight 'gan abusing,
The brave, and mild father, of Mary le More.
To their scoffs he replied not—with blows they assailed him,
He felt all indignant—his caution now fail'd him,
He return'd their vile blows, and all Munster bewail'd him,
For stabb'd was the father of Mary le More.

The children's wild screams, and the mother's distraction,
While the father, the husband, lay stretched in his gore,
Ah! who can describe and not curse the foul faction,
Who blasted that rose-bud, sweet Mary le More.
Oh! my father! my father! she cried wildly throwing
Her arms round his neck, while the life's stream was flowing,
She kissed his cold lips, but poor Dermot was going,
He groan'd—and left fatherless Mary le More.

With destruction uncloy'd, this inhuman banditti,
Tho' the rain fell in sheets, and the wind it blew sore,
These friends of the castle, these foes to all pity,
Set fire to the cabin of Mary le More.
The mother and children, half naked and shrieking,
Escaped from the flames where poor Dermot lay reeking,
And while these sad victims for shelter were seeking,
Ah! mark what befel the sweet Mary le More.

From her father's pale cheek, which her lap had supported,
To an out-house these ruffians, the lovely girl bore,
With her prayers, her entreaties, her sorrows they sported,
And ruin'd by force the sweet Mary le More.
And now a poor maniac she roams the wild common,
'Gainst the cold-hearted strangers she warns every woman,
And she sings of her father in strains more than human,
Till tears often flow for poor Mary le More.

Oh! Ireland's fair daughters, your country's salvation,
While the waves of old ocean shall beat round your shore,
Remember the woes of your long shackled nation.
Remember the wrongs of poor Mary le More.
And while your blue eyes are with pity o'erflowing,
Or with strong indignation your white bosoms glowing,
Oh! reflect that the tree of delight may yet grow in,
The soil where now wanders poor Mary le More.

THE MANIAC.

AS I stray'd o'er a common, on Cork's rugged border,
While the dew-drops of morn the sweet primrose array'd,
I saw a poor female, whose mental disorder,
Her quick-glancing eye and mild aspect betray'd.
On the sward she reclined, by the green fern surrounded,
At her side speckled daisés and crow flowers abounded,
To its inmost recess her poor heart had been wounded,
Her sighs were unceasing, 'twas Mary le More.

Her charms by the keen blast of sorrow were faded,
Yet the soft tinge of beauty still play'd on her cheek,
Her tresses a wreathe of pale primroses braided,
And strings of fresh daises hung loose on her neck.
While with pity I gazed, she exclaimed, oh my mother!
See the blood on that lash! 'tis the blood of my brother!
They have torn his poor flesh, and they now strip another,
'Tis Connor, the friend of poor Mary le More.

Tho' his locks are as white as the foam of the ocean,
Those soldiers shall find that my father is brave,
My father! she cried, with the wildest emotion,
Ah! no, my poor father now sleeps in his grave!
They have toll'd his death bell, they have laid the turf o'er him,
His white locks were bloody, no aid can restore him,
He is gone, he is gone, and the good will deplore him,
When the blue wave of Erin hides Mary le More.

A lark from the gold-blossom'd furze that grew near her,
Now rose and with energy caroll'd his lay,
Hush! hush! she continued, the trumpet sounds clearer,
The horsemen approach—Erin's daughters away!
Ah strangers! 'twas foul, while the cabin was burning,
And o'er her pale father a wretch had been mourning,
Go hide with the sea mew ye maids and take warning,
Those ruffians have ruin'd poor Mary le More!

Away! bring the ointment! oh God see those gashes!
Alas my poor brother! come dry the big tear,
Anon we'll have vengeance for these dreadful lashes,
Already the screech owls and ravens appear!
By day the green grave that is under the willow,
With wild flowers I'll strew; and by night make my pillow,
Till the ooze and dark sea-weed beneath the curl'd billow,
Shall furnish a death-bed, for Mary le More.

Thus raved the moor maniac, in tones more heart-rending,
Than sanity's voice ever pour'd on my ear,
When lo! on the waste, and their march towards her bending,
A troop of fierce cavalry chanc'd to appear.
Oh the fiends! she exclaim'd, and with wild horror started,
Then thro' the tall fern loudly screaming she darted,
With an overcharg'd bosom I slowly departed,
And sigh'd for the wrongs of poor Mary le More.

MARY'S DEATH.

TO the cliffs, while below the huge surges are foaming,
No more with wan cheek shall poor Mary retire,
'Mong the dark waving fern shall no more be seen roaming,
Nor chaunting wild strains, o'er the grave of her sire.
Ah no! the straw shed in which Dermot delighted,
And Dermot whose vows to poor Erin were plighted,
And Dermot's sweet rose-bud so shamefully blighted,
Like the blue mists of morn are all melted away.

Yes Erin's fair daughters, the love-beaming Mary,
Whose bosom had nothing of snow but its hue,
Who was once like yourselves all attractive and airy,
Has bow'd her sweet head, and bade outrage adieu.
No more the unfeeling despoiler shall harm her,
Nor the blood-sprinkled scythe of oppression alarm her,
Nor can all the soft joys of the cabin now charm her,
For the winds deeply moan as they sweep o'er her grave.

Tho' her cheek grew more wan, and more languid each motion,
Yet still to her haunts she would daily withdraw;
Would climb to the verge of the blue rolling ocean,
Or roam the wide heath with her basket of straw,
And still from those scenes, with the day star descending,
A few whispering children her footsteps attending,
She would hie to the willow, and mournfully bending,
Would scatter fresh flowers o'er the grave of her sire.

Like the pale frosted flow'ret, to earth slow returning,
Thus the sufferer declined whilst her relatives mourn'd,
Yet still the hoarse rage of the elements scorning,
To the grave of her father she duly return'd.
When lo! at the close of a day dark and dreary,
From the sea fowl's bleak craigs, came the once beauteous Mary;
All drench'd were her cloathes and her steps faint and weary;
Yet in tones wildly sweet thus she sung o'er her sire.

"Ah! view the long grass, see it waves as in sadness,
"It sighs in the blast and its green head is low;
"When, when, shall I wing to the regions of gladness,
"Dear mother come strip me this 'kerchief of snow.
"I saw the red arm, saw the steel's dreadful gleaming,
"Oh! how cold were his lips, while the life's blood
was streaming,
"On the verge of yon cloud, see his bright form is beaming,
"He beckons, and hark, oh! 'tis Mary he calls.

And now the poor soul, while the bleak winds swept o'er her,
On her father's cold grave sigh'd her being away,
And long shall thy daughters, oh Erin! deplore her,
And deck the green turf that now mantles her clay,
And at eve, when the spoiler's dark doings are stated,
The fate of poor Dermot shall oft be related,
And the cabin's brave tenants, with fire unabated,
Shall brand thy destroyers, sweet Mary le More.

THE HALCYON.

WHEN the keen Halcyon o'er the watery plain,
Spreads his gay plumage in the blaze of day,
Lured by the splendid tints the finny train,
Leave the dark ooze, and near the surface play.
Side-long they glide, now flounce above the stream,
Charm'd is their eye, their fears no more abound;
And now the plunderer, with his lynx-like beam,
Unerring darts, and scatters ruin round.
So the coy maiden, from the peaceful groves,
Is lured by man's gay garb and winning wiles;
Pleas'd she beholds the pest—anon she loves,
And the soft passion every care beguiles;
When lo! the ever-watchful spoiler springs,
And to the poor charm'd wretch, o'erwhelming ruin brings.

BLUE-EYED MARY.

IN a cottage embosom'd within a deep shade,
Like a rose in a desart, oh! view the meek maid,
Her aspect all sweetness, all plaintive her eye,
And a bosom for which e'en a hermit might sigh;
Then in neat Sunday gown, see her met by the squire,
All attraction her countenance, his all desire,
He accosts her, she blushes, he flatters, she smiles,
And soon Blue-Eyed Mary's seduced by his wiles.

Now with drops of contrition her pillow's wet o'er,
But the fleece when once stain'd, can know whiteness no more;
The aged folks whisper, the maidens look shy,
To town the squire presses, how can she deny.
There behold her in lodgings, she dresses in stile,
Public places frequents, sighs no more, but reads Hoyle,
Learns to squander, they quarrel, his love turns to hate,
And soon Blue-Eyed Mary is left to her fate.

Still of beauty possess'd, and not yet void of shame,
With a heart that recoils at the prostitute's name,
She tries for a service, her character's gone,
And for skill at her needle, alas! 'tis unknown.
Pale want now approaches, the pawn-broker's near,
And her trinkets and cloathes, one by one disappear,
Till at length sorely pinch'd, and quite desperate grown
The poor Blue-Eyed Mary is forced on the town.

In a brothel, now see her, trick'd out to allure,
And all ages, all humours compell'd to endure;
Compell'd, tho' disgusted, to wheedle and feign,
With an aspect all smiles, and a bosom all pain.
Now caress'd, now insulted, now flatter'd, now scorn'd,
And by ruffians, and drunkards, oft wantonly spurn'd,
This worst of all misery she's doom'd to endure,
For the poor Blue-Eyed Mary is now an Impure.

Whilst thus the barb'd arrow sinks deep in her soul,
She flies for relief to that traitor the bowl,
Grows stupid, and bloated, and lost to all shame,
Whilst a dreadful disease is pervading her frame.
Now with eyes dim and languid this once blooming maid,
In a garret on straw, faint and helpless is laid,
Oh! mark her pale cheek, see she scarce takes her breath,
And lo! her blue eyes are now seal'd up in death.

AMERICAN

INDEPENDENCY.

YE men of Columbia! oh! hail the great day
Which nerved your gigantic domain,
Which taught the oppress'd how to spurn lawless sway,
And gave the vast world a new reign.
Yes, hail the blest moment—when awfully grand,
Your congress pronounc'd the decree,
Which told ancient realms that your pine-cover'd land,
Tho' coerc'd, was resolved to be free.

Those warriors who fell in your soul-cheering cause,
To the true sons of freedom are dear,
Their worth the unborn shall rehearse with applause,
And bedew their cold turf with a tear;
O cherish their names, let their sufferings and deeds
Go forth on the wings of the wind,
And as man, prostrate man, your high destiny reads,
May he learn his own chains to unbind.

As he tills your rich glebe, the old peasant shall tell,
While his bosom with energy glows,
How your Warren expired—how Montgomery fell,
And how Washington baffled your foes.
With transport his offspring shall catch the glad sound,
And as freedom illumines each breast,
Their country's defenders with praise shall be crown'd,
While her spoilers they learn to detest.

By those fields that were ravaged, those towns that were fired,
By those wrongs which your females endured,
By those blood-sprinkled groves, where your warriors expired,
O preserve what their prowess procured.
And reflect that your rights are the rights of mankind,
That to all they were bounteously given,
And that he who in chains would his fellow-man bind,
Uplifts his proud arm against heaven.

How can you who have felt the oppressor's hard hand,
Who for freedom all perils would brave,
How can you enjoy peace, while one foot of your land
Is disgraced by the toil of a slave!
O! rouse then in spite of a merciless few,
And pronounce this immortal decree,
Whate'er be man's TENETS, his FORTUNE, his HUE,
He is man, and shall therefore be free.

WRITTEN

FOR

THE ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

LIVERPOOL MARINE SOCIETY.

WHAT is life but an ocean, precarious as those
Which surround this terraqueous ball?
What is man but a bark, often laden with woes?
What is death, but the harbour of all.
On our passage—to-day may be mild and serene,
And our loftiest canvas be shewn,
While to-morrow fierce tempests may blacken the scene,
And our masts by the board may be gone.

On life's rosy morn, with a prosperous breeze,
We all our light sails may display,
With a cloudless horizon may sweep at our ease,
And of sorrow ne'er feel the salt spray;
But ere we have reach'd our meridian, the gale
From the point of ill-fortune may blow,
And the sun of our being, all cheerless and pale,
May set in the wild waves of woe.

Experience, when bound o'er the turbulent waves,
Remembers that ills may arise,
And with sedulous care, ere the danger he braves,
His bark with spare tackle supplies.
So you on life's ocean, with provident minds,
Have here a spare anchor secured,
With which, in despite of adversity's winds,
The helpless will one day be moor'd.

When the strong arm of winter uplifts the blue main,
And snow-storms and shipwrecks abound,
When hollow-cheek'd famine inflicts her fell pain,
And the swamp flings destruction around;
When the folly of rulers embroils human kind,
And myriads are robb'd of their breath,
This wise institution may come o'er the mind,
And may soften the pillow of death.

The poor widow'd mourner, the sweet prattling throng,
And the veteran whose powers are no more,
Shall here find an arm to defend them from wrong,
And to chase meagre want from their door.
This is 'tempering the wind to the lamb newly shorn,'
This is following the ant's prudent ways,
And, O blest institution! the child yet unborn,
With rapture shall lisp forth thy praise.

THE SHRIKE.

PERCH'D on yon moss-grown bough, keen-eyed and strong,
Behold the dingy shrike! his treacherous throat
Now imitates the throstle's ardent song,
And now the blackbird's wild mellifluous note:
These witching strains, that wounds and death precede,
From the thick brake the feather'd folks decoy;
And now the ruffian, with the lightning's speed
Wild screaming darts, and now the victims die:
So, on the unsuspecting virgin's ear,
The soft seducer pours his flattering strain,
Sounds so delicious calm each rising fear,
Her steps impel, and thrill thro' every vein.
Charm'd, she advances—softer strains arise,
When lo! the foul fiend darts, and reputation dies!

TO THE MEMORY

OF

ROBERT BURNS.

'NEATH the green turf, dear nature's child,
Sublime, pathetic, artless, wild,
Of all thy quips and cranks despoil'd,
Cold dost thou lie,
And many a youth and maiden mild
Shall o'er thee sigh.

Those powers that eagle-wing'd could soar,
That heart which ne'er was cold before,

That tongue which caused the table's roar,
Are now laid low,
And Scotia's sons shall hear no more
Thy rapturous flow.

Warm'd with a 'spark of nature's fire'
From the rough plough thou didst aspire,
To make a sordid world admire,
And few like thee,
Oh Burns! have swept the minstrel's lyre
With ecstacy.

Ere winter's icy vapours fail,
The violet in th' uncultur'd dale
So sweetly scents the passing gale,
That shepherd boys,
Led by the fragrance they inhale,
Soon find their prize.

So, when to life's chill glens confin'd,
Thy rich, tho' rough, uncultur'd mind,
Pour'd on the sense of each rude hind
Such dulcet lays,
That to thy brow was soon assign'd
The wreath of praise.

Anon, with nobler daring blest,
The wild notes throbbing at thy breast,
Of friends, wealth, fortune, unpossess'd,
Thy fervid mind
Towards fame's proud turrets boldly press'd,
And pleas'd mankind.

But what avail'd thy powers to please,
When want approach'd, and pale disease;

Could these thy infant brood appease,
That wail'd for bread,
Or could they for a moment ease
Thy woe-worn head?

Applause, poor child of minstrelsey,
Was all the world e'er gave to thee;
Unmoved, by pinching penury
They saw thee torn,
And now, (kind souls) with sympathy
Thy loss they mourn.

Oh how I loathe the bloated train,
Who oft had heard thy witching strain,
Yet when thy frame was rack'd with pain,
Could keep aloof,
And eye with opulent disdain,
Thy lowly roof.

Yes, proud Dumfries, eh! would to heaven
Thou hadst from that cold spot been driven,
Thou might'st have found some sheltering haven
On this side Tweed,
Yet ah! e'en here poor bards have striven,
And died in need.

True genius scorns to flatter knaves,
Or crouch amidst a race of slaves,
His soul, while fierce the tempest raves,
No tremor knows,
And with unshaken nerve he braves
Life's pelting woes.

No wonder then that thou shouldst find
Th' averted glance of half mankind,

Should'st see the sly, slow, supple mind
To wealth aspire,
While scorn, neglect, and want, combin'd
To quench thy fire.

While wint'ry winds pipe loud and strong,
The high perch'd storm-cock pours his song,
So thy Eolian lyre was strung,
'Midst chilling times;
Yet cheerly didst thou roll along
Thy 'routh of rhymes.'

And oh! that routh of rhymes shall raise
For thee a lasting pile of praise,
Haply some wing in these our days,
Has higher soar'd;
But from the heart more melting lays
Were never pour'd.

Where Ganges rolls his yellow tide,
Where blest Columbia's waters glide,
Old Scotia's sons, spread far and wide,
Shall oft rehearse,
With sorrow some, but all with pride,
Thy witching verse.

In early spring thy earthy bed,
Shall be with many a wild flower spread,
The violet there its sweets shall shed,
In humble guise,
And there the mountain-daisy's head
Shall duly rise.

While darkness reigns, should bigotry,
With boiling blood and bended knee,

Scatter the weeds of infamy
Oer thy cold clay,
Those weeds, at light's first blush, shall be
Soon swept away.

And when thy scorners are no more,
The lonely glens; and sea-beat shore,
Where thou hast croon'd thy fancies o'er,
With soul elate
Oft shall the bard at eve explore,
And mourn thy fate.

THE SWALLOW.

GO place the swallow on yon turfy bed,
Much will he struggle, but can never rise;
Go raise him even with the daisy's head,
And the poor flutterer like an arrow flies.
So, oft thro' life, the man of powers and worth,
Haply the caterer for an infant train,
Like Burns, must struggle on the bare-worn earth,
While all his efforts to arise are vain.
Yet should the hand of relative, or friend,
Just from the surface lift the suffering wight,
Soon would the wings of industry extend,
Soon would he rise from anguish to delight.
Go then, ye affluent! go, your hands outstretch,
And from despair's dark verge, oh raise the woe-worn wretch.

BRITON, AND NEGRO SLAVE.

SCENE.—*A Plantation in Jamaica.*

BRITON.

AWAY, rebellious dog—or by this arm——

NEGRO.

E'en use me as you list—rail, threaten, torture,
All, all I will endure, so my lov'd Zuna,
My wife, my comfort, be not ravish'd from me.

B. I tell thee once for all she is thine no longer,
And now, one other word—

N. What do I hear!
Not mine! O white-man think on what you're doing,
For by our sacred——

B. Villain dost thou threaten,
Here's what shall make thee humble. *(beats him.)*

N. Ever thus,
Unjust and cruel we poor negroes find you;
But mark, by Obi! and our Gods I swear!
Never to rest till she whom you have forced,
Is to my hut restored.

B. What, threaten still!
What, brave me to my face; then will I try
Which first shall tire, this arm or thy base tongue!
(beats him again.)

N. Your lash may drink my blood, but cannot change me,
No, were I burning by your ling'ring fires,
Or gibbeted alive, and to resign her
Would bring me life, nay, with it even freedom,
I'd spurn them both, and welcome my destruction.

B. Is this the tractable, the patient Egbo,

This the meek slave so much extoll'd by white-men,
Why, thou hast mutiny in every glance,
But soon thy master shall be undeceived,
And that fierce threat'ning soul of thine be humbled.

N. O give me Zuna back, and not a steer
That drags your produce to the distant beach,
Shall bear the yoke more meekly than myself;
But if she be denied me, not a shark
That prowls your bays, shall more delight in blood;
Look to't I say, for by my father's ghost
You shall not tamely wrong me.

B. Sable villain,
Is this a language fitting for thy station,
Fit for a white-man's ear.

N. I have a wife,
And who would force her from me does me wrong,
Whatever be his colour.

B. Thou'rt a wretch,
A dog, a slave, and shou'dst have learnt submission.

N. Long have I borne oppression, long have felt
All the hard pangs that slavery is heir to,
But Zuna softens all, O! she's the prop
Which makes me bear this load, pluck her away,
Down, down, the poor distracted Egbo comes,
But in his fall may pluck destruction round him.

B. Oft the musquito's bite brings on his ruin
Although he cannot hurt; be cautious then,
Or thro' these threat'nings thou too may'st be crush'd;
As to thy Zuna, as thou call'st her, mark me,
She is at present mine, and shall remain so,
Till like a boy that feeds on ripe Bananas
I'm surfeited with sweets—then if thou wilt,
Thou may'st again embrace her.

N. Oh! cursed white-men.

B. Now by the rolling of those eyes I see
How much thou art delighted.

N. Damn'd oppressors!

B. Aye swear a little, slave 'twill do thee good,
I'll to thy master now and tell him all
The gentle things thou'st said, and ere the shell
Has call'd thee thrice to labour, I perchance
May find some way to cool these fiery humours.

ABSENCE.

WHEN thro' the wild unfathom'd deep,
Wet with the briny spray we sweep,
To Kate, to lovely Kate, and home,
My anxious thoughts unceasing roam.
Again I see her on the pier,
Again behold the falling tear,
Again I view her bosom swell,
And hear the sorrowing word farewell.

When all is calm, and the bleach'd sails
Are furl'd, or hanging in the brayls,
The wide expanse of glassy sea,
And sky from cloudy vapours free,
While thoughtless o'er the side I lean,
Bring to my mind the placid mien,
Of that dear girl whom I adore,
And left in tears on Albion's shore.

Or when the fierce tornadoes howl,
And nerve the fearless seaman's soul,
The towering surges as they break
Display the whiteness of her neck,
The pettrels too that seem to tread,
The foamy brine with wings outspread,
Oft bring the ebon locks to mind,
Of that dear girl I left behind.

When on my watch the dawn full oft,
Has shewn those tints so mild and soft,
That mark the lip and cheek of her,
Whom I 'bove all her sex prefer;
And thus where'er the seaman goes,
'Midst torrid heat or polar snows,
Some image still recalls to mind,
The 'witching charms he leaves behind,

ON THE DEATH

OF

A MUCH LOVED RELATIVE.

SHALT thou, oh my sister! my friend!
Go down to the sorrowful cell,
And shall I, the sad pageant attend,
And not bid thee a solemn farewell?
Yes, yes, the farewell shall be thine
In a strain thou wert wont to approve,
And oh! while remembrance is mine,
I will mournfully cherish thy love.

From the world when mere kindred retire,
The wounds of the bosom soon heal,
But when those we delight in expire,
To the heart's deep recesses we feel.
Ah! Bessey, thro' life's chequer'd way,
Thou wert never unmindful of me,
Nor do I remember the day,
When I felt not affection for thee.

Now memory recalls the sweet hours,
When in childhood we gaily have stroll'd,
Have gather'd the dew-spangled flowers,
Or adown the lov'd brow we have roll'd;
And perchance when with exercise warm'd,
As we sat on the earth's verdant lap,
For thee the bark-pipe I have form'd,
Or with rushes have made thee a cap.

When a sea-boy just 'scaped from on board,
Just 'scaped from a pestilent sky,
Thy rapture remembrance has stor'd,
And the beams of thy dark-laughing eye;
And oh! when of vision bereft,
And when science pronounc'd the decree,
To my agonized soul there was left,
An affectionate soother in thee.

'Twas thus oh! my sister! my friend!
With our beings our fondness increas'd,
Wert thou wrong'd, I was proud to defend,
If I sorrow'd thy gaiety ceas'd.
And when other duties were known,
When our cares with our little ones grew,
The sun of our kindness still shone,
And no dark chilling mists ever knew.

As droops the wild rose on the spray,
When the clouds not a rain-drop bestow,
So wert thou slowly wither'd away,
By the hectic's infuriate glow.
And now deeply-worn, yet serene,
And more softly than falls the light leaf,
Thou hast glided from life's flowery scene,
And o'erwhelm'd thy connexions with grief.

Ah! couldst thou thy partner descry,
As he hangs o'er those pledges so dear,
Couldst thou witness the deep-heaving sigh,
While his cheek is bedew'd with a tear;
Couldst thou pierce the deep folds of the heart
And thy relatives see undisguis'd,
Ah! Bessey, the view would impart,
How worth and how sweetness are priz'd.

And now while my tremulous woes,
To these poor beamless eyeballs upswell,
Oh! let the warm tear as it flows,
Be my silent, my solemn farewell.
Thou art gone—dearest friend of my heart,
Thou art gone to the awful unknown,
And, hereafter, wherever thou art,
Oh! may I, on that region be thrown.

ENTREATY.

AH Mary! when I'm far away,
And landmen spread their wily snares,
Ah! heed not what those flatterers say,
But think on one whom ocean bears.
On one, who when the furious blast,
Tears up, and whitens o'er the sea,
High on the yard or quivering mast,
Oft heaves a sigh, and thinks on thee.

When gay trimm'd sparks about thee swarm,
Like humming-birds round some sweet flower,
And praise with pertness every charm,
And oft confess thy 'witching power.
Say Mary wilt thou then forget,
That youth who scorns all flattery,
That youth who broils 'midst torrid heat,
And spite of perils, sighs for thee?

Should form, and art, and wealth unite,
In one of these—Ah! Mary, say,
Couldst thou his soft advances slight,
For sake of one so far away?
Couldst thou forego an affluent state,
And all the pomp of high degree,
To share perhaps the lowly fate,
Of one who brings but love for thee?

If so, ah! tell me, tell me why,
Should we the rapturous hours delay,
Be mine, and all my doubts will fly,
Like fogs before the rising day.
Yes, dearest girl, while yet on shore,
Oh! let me taste of ecstacy,
Give, give thy hand, I ask no more,
For 'twill be bliss to toil for thee.

A CAUTION

TO MY FRIEND J. M.

ROUND her precious productions wise nature oft flings
Her dull cheerless colourings and rugged array;
In a rust-coloured doublet the Nightingale sings,
And the russet-clad Lark hails the first blush of day.
Mark the crust of the diamond, when first 'tis descried,
View the coat of the cocoa, how homely and rough,
See the luscious anana, Pomona's chief pride,
Conceal'd in a garb of inelegant stuff;
Now 'tis thus with the form in which genius is shrin'd,
Ever plain is the mantle, the hues ever deep,
Nay fate has oft shrouded this essence of mind,
In the pauper's grim cloak, and the hide of a sweep;
Then of splendor, thou son of the muse, Oh beware!
For the true mark of talent, is dingy and bare.

THE THROSTLE.

ERE the dark driving tempest was pass'd,
Or daisies had dizen'd the spring,
A throstle, despising the blast,
In the garden of Gripus would sing;
And Gripus, who heard with delight
The music which flow'd without pay,
Bade William beware, and not fright
The high-sounding minstrel away.

In the morning, ere Gripus arose,
The throstle was pouring his song,
Or at noon, if a ramble he chose,
The notes were mellifluous and strong.
Oh how rich, the old merchant would cry,
Is the music thus bountcously given,
With that cadence what mortal can vie,
And those trills were all furnish'd by heaven.

Now spring shew'd her changeable face,
Her tresses with primroses bound,
And scatter'd, with exquisite grace,
Her blooms and wild flow'rets around.
And the minstrel, his partner to cheer,
As she sat on their embryo brood,
Now pour'd the wild song on her ear,
And now brought her the choicest of food.

In a cherry-tree's fork the fond pair
Had fashion'd their clay-lined abode,
And round them their favorite fare
In clusters deliciously glow'd:
In a region thus plenteously stored,
With joy they expected their young,
They were feasted at nature's broad board,
And all was wild rapture and song.

But ah! as the sun's brightest ray,
To the darkest of clouds may give birth,
As the lily, all stately to-day
May to-morrow be trampled to earth:
So, now the poor throstle, whose flow
Could the ear of a Gripus enchant,
Beheld all his joy turn'd to woe,
And all his abundance to want.

Old Gripus, who saw in his rounds,
That his fruit was diminish'd and peck'd,
Resolved from his garden and grounds,
The poor feather'd folks to eject;
And calling for William, he swore,
That the nest should be taken away,
That his precious *white-hearts* should no more
Be left to those plunderers a prey.

Now William, with feelings distress'd,
Up-mounting the tree, soon declared,
That an unfeather'd brood fill'd the nest,
And begg'd the poor souls might be spared.
No! No! cried the merchant, with ire,
Not a chirper shall 'scape from my gripe,
Thou may'st praise the sweet powers of their sire,
But scoundrel! my cherries are ripe.

Oh! 'twas piteous to see the old pair,
As they flutter'd with anguish around,
And to hear the sharp notes of despair,
When the nestlings were thrown to the ground.
Oh! 'twas piteous, but Gripus, whose soul
Nor flutterings nor wailings could sway,
Made William up-raise the long pole,
And chase the meek mourners away.

As the patron who favours a bard,
While the bard rich effusions can give,
Yet kindly withdraws his regard,
When he finds the poor warbler must live;
So the wretch who applauded the song,
While his garden display'd not a leaf,
Now cherries around him were hung,
Devoted the minstrel to grief.

And for this may the throstle no more
Change his notes for old Gripus's fruit,
From his grounds may the Lark never soar,
On his boughs may the Ruddock be mute;
And, for this may his bloom be the prey
Of the keen-gnawing worm and the blight
And may rooks prove his syrens by day,
And owls and dark ravens by night.

THE

SEAMAN'S NURSERY.

HASTE, oh ye rulers of the nation!
And Afric's trade destroy;
A trade that scatters devastation,
And blasts each social joy;
A trade accursed, whose every feature
A horrid wildness wears,
And which adown the cheek of nature,
Should draw incessant tears.

Lured by the promise of promotion,
And hopes of speedy store,
Poor Jem, who oft had braved the ocean,
Resolved for Afric's shore.
In vain each relative dissuaded,
E'en Nanny sigh'd in vain;
He felt—but all they urged, evaded,
He smiled and sought the main.

Now on the coast, his constitution
Soon felt the baneful soil,
Yet still he faced with resolution,
Each pestilential toil.
The smokes commenced, his vigor fail'd him,
Home every thought possess'd,
The deadly nausea soon assail'd him,
Ah!—need I speak the rest.

That James from this sad world was parted,
The half-mast ensign told,
A braver youth, or more kind-hearted,
Ne'er on the salt wave roll'd.
The sun-burnt crew with grief convey'd him
To where poor seamen lie,
And while they in the white beach laid him,
Tears flow'd from many an eye.

Now o'er his grave, with breezy motion,
The drooping wild-cane sighs,
And from the ever-beating ocean
Hoarse gloomy murmurs rise.
Swift thro' the weeds and flowers that cover
His turf, the lizards play,
While o'er the spot dark vultures hover,
And eye the earth for prey.

Thus, far from every dear connexion,
In sorrow doubly dear,
No tongue to whisper kind affection,
Nor soothe each boding fear;
Uncheer'd, unmurned, nay unattended,
Midst noise and putrid air,
Thus the loved youth his being ended,
Then seamen, oh! beware.

THE COMPLAINT.

THE bullfinch no music can boast,
While wandering the gardens among,
But nature, when freedom is lost,
Endows the poor captive with song.
So, I, ere my heart could approve,
Regarded not melody's page,
But now I am fetter'd by love,
And with sounds I my anguish assuage.

When I caroll'd of war and of wine,
In hopes to abandon my pain,
Discordance has mark'd every line,
And I've found all my efforts were vain.
'Tis the plaintive alone which can please,
'Tis the plaintive which soothes my fond soul,
Yet often those cordials that ease,
Raise a malady 'bove all control.

The notes of the Lark give me pain,
His music too cheerfully flows,
But the Robin's soft querulous strain
Is in unison still with my woes.
I have heard of the Nightingale's lay,
But his song to the north is unknown,
Ah! would he but travel this way,
I would listen all night to his moan.

The joyous I cautiously shun,
Their mirth is disgusting to me;
Nay I loathe e'en the glare of the sun,
For it acts on my feelings like glee.
When the mole leaves his darksome retreat,
When the urchin is seeking for prey,
When the poor harass'd hare quits her seat,
O'er the moorlands by moonlight I stray.

When I dream of my love, and awake,
Tho' disdain had appear'd in her eye,
Chagrin'd, every method I take
The delusion again to enjoy.
Oh Lucy! attend to the strain
Of one who but feebly can sue,
Oh Lucy! reject not a swain
Who loves with a passion so true.

THE PIED.

THE distant signal kiss'd the gale,
Th' expecting soul was cheer'd;
And soon with bleach'd expanded sail,
The wish'd-for bark appear'd;
When blue-eyed Kate of rosy hue,
To meet her fearless seaman flew.

The breeze her well-turn'd ankle shew'd,
One hand her cloak fast held,
Her colour'd ribbons gaily flow'd,
Her heart tumultuous swell'd;

With eager step she reach'd the pier,
And found the towering vessel near.

And now with agitated mien,
The sun-burnt crew she eyed;
No Ben, alas! could there be seen,
"Ah! where's my love?" she cried;
At length his well-known voice she heard,
High mounted on the pendant yard.

Now sparkling joy and trembling fear,
In Kate's blue eyes were found,
While Ben survey'd the crowded pier,
And pass'd his gasket round;
Their eyes soon met—they smiling gazed,
And each th' expressive hand uprais'd.

The canvas furl'd, with ardor strong,
Swift to his love he press'd,
And there, amidst a tittering throng,
He strain'd her to his breast;
" And do I fold thee, Kate," he cried,
" And oh my Ben," she faint reply'd.

And now behold, with heart as light
As is the salt sea foam,
And eyes with rapture beaming bright
The tar safe moor'd at home;
And here tho' whirling storms arise,
In Kate's fond arms secure he lies.

POOR BEN.

I HAD a messmate once who lov'd,
A braver soul ne'er faced the wind,
But ah! a faithless maiden proved,
The rock that wreck'd his peace of mind;
A lovelier girl the sun ne'er shone upon,
But she was false, and Ben, poor Ben, is gone.

The softest rosy tints that grace,
The dying dolphin's side, are weak,
Compar'd with those I wont to trace,
On Mary's lip, on Mary's cheek;

Her face and person were indeed most rare,
But oh! she was as false as she was fair.

I saw her on the crouded pier,
As setting sail awhile we lay,
And when they cried cast off—a tear;
She wiped, or seemed to wipe away;
This Ben beheld, and waved his hat and sigh'd,
But ah! he little knew what would betide.

The eastern winds blew keen and strong,
And soon we near'd the sultry line,
And nightly as we roll'd along,
While round us roar'd the fiery brine;
Poor Ben and I have told our wanderings o'er,
And talked of love and all we left on shore.

And now Jamaica's Isle was seen,
Where many a British tar has griev'd,
And here a month we had not been,
Ere the sad tidings were received,
That my poor messmate's love her cheeks had dried,
And just become a rich old landman's bride.

Soon as the fatal lines were read,
His sun-burnt face declared his pain,
His lips grew pale, he droop'd his head,
He sigh'd—but never smiled again;
And from that time, when all retired to rest,
He walk'd the silent deck, by gloom oppress'd.

And now poor soul the Can he sought,
In hopes that grog would ease his woe,
But grog the yellow fever brought,
And this, alas! soon laid him low;

Spring-path received him 'mong its numerous dead,
And round his grave a few kind drops were shed.

Where many a reptile nightly plies,
Far distant from his native shore,
Beneath a tamarind-tree he lies,
His turf with weeds all cover'd o'er;
And oh! ye seamen his sad fate beware,
For maidens may be false, tho' very fair.

MARY.

GRIM was the night, the winds were up,
And round the mansion fiercely howl'd,
In forky gleams the lightning flew,
And quick the awful thunders roll'd;
When lo! a flash to Mary's eyes,
A wan and shadowy form display'd,
That close beside her curtain stood,
All in a seaman's garb array'd.

Again the livid lightning flash'd,
Again she heard the driving storm,
And while her veins with horror thrill'd,
Again she saw the shadowy form;
His dark dim eyes on her's were fixed,
In speechless agony she lay,
And now she saw his pale lips move,
And wildly mournful heard him say.

"From that far shore, where rest my bones,
"Beneath the cooling tamarind's shade,
"Permitted o'er the waves I come,
"To shew the havoc thou hast made,
"Thou know'st, oh Mary! how I lov'd,
"My ardent soul was full of thee,
"And thou remember'st passing well,
"The solemn vows thou mad'st to me.

" When on the pier, our sails all loose,
" I warmly press'd thee to my heart,
" And saw the tear bedew thy cheek,
" I found 'twas almost death to part;
" Yet scarcely was our canvas spread,
" When lured by gold and splendid shew,
" Thou gav'st that palsied thing thy hand,
" And laid thy faithful lover low.

" Deep in the foldings of thy heart,
" To these sad eyes exposed and bare,
" I view my image strongly traced,
" But see no love of husband there.
" No! no, thou loath'st his very touch,
" The gall of bitterness is thine,
" Oh! fatal act that curst thy days,
" And bade dark sorrow finish mine.

" Now what avails thy rich attire,
" The costly room, the downy bed;
" Or what avails thy husband's gold,
" Since peace is from thy bosom fled.
" At this dread hour, (the bell toll'd one)
" To thee my visits must be paid,
" Nor can they cease, 'till thy fair form,
" With many a writhing worm is laid.

" Poor trembler yes, where'er thou art,
" Or at the cheering festive board,
" Or mingling in the joyous dance,
" Or here beside thy ancient lord,
" Where'er thou art at this dread hour,
" My form shall agitate thy breast,
" And when I leave thee, those false lips,
" Shall be, oh Mary! thus imprest."

And now she felt his icy touch,
And now she heard the dull farewell,
Convulsed she scream'd, her husband slept,
But Mary's feelings who can tell?
Time roll'd along, and still she found,
The spectre kept th' appointed hour,
Time roll'd along and Mary droop'd,
And all bemoan'd the fading flower.

And now with wan and hollow cheek,
And maniac wildness in her eye,
She told her pitying friends her tale,
And own'd her love, and wish'd to die;
And she would sit in gloomy guise,
And she would mope the live-long day,
And she would start with woe-touch'd brain,
And thus would pour the sorrowing lay.

" An ensign was my true love's pall,
" The ship-bell toll'd him to the shore,
" They lodged him 'neath the tamarind's tree,
" The sun-burnt crew lamenting sore.
" By day he haunts the rosy clouds,
" By night his visits never fail,
" See where he glides—I come my life!'
" But prithee do not look so pale.

" I love him not—but hush—no more,
" He's kind, and how can I despise,
" The raven's wing is not so black,
" As were my fearless seaman's eyes.
" His jacket was of crimson fine,
" His trowsers like the drifted snow,
" The morn's fresh tint was on his cheek,
" Oh shame on her who laid him low!

Thus Mary raved, till one gray morn,
When beating wild her throbbing breast,
"See where he waits on yon dark cloud,
"I come!" she cried, and sunk to rest,
And now, with pompous solemn rites,
They bore her to her earthy bed,
A proof that glare and gold are trash,
If from the bosom peace be fled.

THE ORIGIN

OF

TURTLE AND PUNCH.

AS round their ambrosia, the Gods once were met,
And goblets of nectar went rapidly round,
What pity, cried Bacchus, that no such a treat,
For my followers on yon rolling orb can be found;
Well, well, exclaimed Jove,
Now thy hint we approve,
And to shew thee that mortals have much of our love,
We will—that no deity venture to rise,
Till some choice dish is named which terrestrials may prize.

A fig for mankind and their paltry affairs,
Cried termagant Juno, and turned up her nose;
Jove frown'd, and said, madam, no more of those airs,
And now ocean's God let us hear thee propose.
Old Neptune roar'd fish!
That's an excellent dish!
Lisp'd amorous Venus, but Pallas cried pish!
To mortals more dear is the sirloin's rich roast,
Than all the scaled dainties thy ocean can boast.

Give them fowl, wild and tame, cried the God of the strings,
And to relish the feast add a ham nicely cured,
Momus swore that beef rashers were excellent things,
But Hermes cried pshaw! they will ne'er be endured.
Thus their clamours increase,
When old Jove thunders, peace!
We will this contention do instantly cease,

Upon fish, flesh, or fowl, you will never agree,
So a creature I'll form shall include all the three.

At this, loud applause, thro' the Deities ran,
All said 'twas a thought worthy wisdom so hoar,
When sparkling-eyed Bacchus, still friendly to man,
Thank'd his sire, but declared he had one request more.
Let us hear it my boy!
Cried the king of the sky,
Why father said Bacchus, and look'd rather sly,
Since you to those mortals such viands have given,
Let the whole be wash'd down with a draught worthy heaven.

Right, right, quoth old thunder, and seemed in high glee,
Thou know'st to man's comfort I nothing will grudge,
But I leave mortals nectar entirely to thee,
For in things of this nature, who like thee can judge.

For mercy's sake Jove!
Exclaim'd Wisdom and Love,
Let its strength be no more than what we shall approve,
For my part, quoth Jove, your weak stuff I detest,
But I leave it to Bacchus, for he should know best.

For thy trust, and for thus disregarding their spite,
I thank thee, great Jove! cried the God of the vine,
And since fish, flesh, and fowl, in their feast will unite,
So shall sour, sweet, and strong, in their beverage combine.
Thus Bacchus, the friend
Of poor mortals obtained,
From the sire of the Gods, what should ne'er be disdain'd,
No, since turtle and punch were thus bounteously given,
To enjoy them must surely be pleasing to heaven.

PARODY

OF A PASSAGE IN MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Aye, but to die, &c.

AYE, but to love, and not be lov'd again,
To nurse a hopeless passion, and to pine,
This body strong and healthy to become
A walking mummy—and the once cheerful mind
To feel keen torturing doubts, or to despair
And moping sit in melancholy mood,
To feel the gusts of love and wild desire,
And know friends, fortune, person, all combine
To blast our hopes—or to feel tortures keener still,
To see a rival snatch away the prize;
Heavens! 'tis too horrible—the keenest pangs
That e'er the body felt, stone or rheumatic,
Amputated limb, nay, even gout itself,
Is perfect ease compared with hopeless love.

THE FAREWELL.

THE shivering topsails home are sheeted,
And cheerly goes the windlass round,
Heave, heave, my hearts, is oft repeated,
And Mary sighs at every sound.
The yellow fever scattering ruin,
The shipwreck'd veteran's dying cries,
And war, the decks with carnage strewing,
All, all, before her fancy rise.

As bends the primrose meek and lowly,
All bruis'd by April's pelting hail,
So, while the anchor rises slowly,
Poor Mary droops, distress'd and pale.
And oft, while at his handspike toiling,
Full many a glance her seaman steals,
And oft he tries by gaily smiling,
To hide the parting pang he feels.

Now thro' the blocks the wind is howling,
The pilot to the helmsman cries,
And now the bulky ship is rolling,
And now aloft the sea-boy flies.
The whiten'd canvas swift is spreading,
Around the bows the surges foam,
And many a female tear is shedding,
And thoughts prevail for love and home.

Her tar among the sun-burnt faces,
Now Mary views with fond regard,
Now o'er the deck his form she traces,
Now trembling sees him on the yard.
Where'er he moves, alert and glowing,
Her beauteous azure eyes pursue,
Those eyes that shew, with grief o'erflowing,
Like violets wet with morning dew.

Unmoved, midst regions wild and dreary,
Poor WILL had pass'd thro' woes severe,
Yet now from far he views his Mary,
And turns to hide a falling tear.
The biting winds blow strong and stronger,
And the broad waves more wildly swell,
WILL hears the boat can wait no longer,
And springs abaft to bid farewell.

Oh my sweet girl! with strong emotion,
The tar exclaims, now, now adieu!
I go to brave the changeful ocean,
Yet thou shalt find me ever true.
With quivering lip and deep dejection,
Heaven shield my WILL, she cries, from harms,
His look bespeaks extreme affection,
And now he locks her in his arms.

Again the boatmen, hoarsely bawling,
Declare they cannot, will not stay,
And tho' the crew the cat are hawling,
Yet WILL must see his love away.
Now at the side expression ceases,
She gains the skiff, she makes for land,
And 'twixt them as the brine increases,
They gaze, they sigh, they wave the hand.

THE RETURN.

HOARSE swept the gale o'er Cambrian snows,
And capt old Mersey's brine with foam,
Hoarse swept the gale, in dark clouds clad,
When Mary sighing left her home.
The bark that bore her love, 'twas fear'd,
Had founder'd midst th' Atlantic roar,
And e'en those friends that talk'd of hope,
Believed she ne'er would see him more.

Full many a wild and fearful night
Had Mary listen'd to the storm,
And cankering grief had now assail'd
Her rosy cheek and lovely form.
Heaven's brightest azure tinged her eye,
Profuse her auburn ringlets flow'd,
And tho' to pursy pomp unknown,
Her heart was virtue's pure abode.

O'er the rough beach the mourner stray'd,
Sad brooding thoughts had nerved her mind,
Unmoved she heard the wild waves beat,
Unmoved she braved the piercing wind.
And now beyond the sable point,
With snow-white sails and crippled mast,
Rock'd by the surge a bark appear'd,
And soon the ponderous anchor cast.

Awhile with hope the wanderer gaz'd,
But now in tones to nature true,
" A three mast ship is mine," she cried,
" And yon, alas! has only two,"
The sea-mew scream'd, the night approached,
The tempest swept with wilder roar,
And tho' her cheeks were cold as death,
Yet still she press'd along the shore.

And now the whirling blast increas'd,
She paus'd—she eyed the raging flood,
When lo! a skiff with rapid wing,
Made for the rocks on which she stood.
The well-arm'd crew soon reach'd the shore,
'Twas frolic all, and gibe, and joke,
When one with manly port drew near,
And thus to trembling Mary spoke—

" But just return'd to Britain's strand,
" To all that seamen hold most dear,
" We dread the press, and you my love,
" Can say if we have ought to fear."
" Oh God! that voice," poor Mary cried,
" Oh 'tis my WILL! my joy! my life!"
Expression ceas'd, and quick as thought,
WILL sprung and caught his falling wife.

" Oh heavens! 'tis she, the tar exclaim'd,
And strain'd her to his glowing heart,
" Oh! 'tis my love, and would to heav'n,
" We never, never more might part."
And now the sun-burnt crew advance,
And now thro' secret paths they roam,
And noiseless soon all reach the town,
And taste the dear delights of home.

TO THE GOUT.

LORD of the trembling nerve and sleepless eye,
Full sixteen winters now have roll'd away,
Since first I felt thy lacerating sway,
And bow'd before thee with a sullen sigh.
Yes, sixteen years, and 'mid th' inclement blast,
Still to my cozie hearth, and elbow chair,
In flannels wrapt, would'st thou, oh gout! repair,
Making each visit longer than the last.
Oh! how I loathe thy presence, yet as true
As is the swallow to the April flower,
Still wouldst thou come with renovated power,
And more than all my former pangs renew.
But now—oh! thanks to Zoonomia's page,
Pure element I quaff, and scorn thy bloated rage.

ON

THE DEATH

OF

MISS E. FLETCHER.

As late the king of terrors stalk'd around,
The radiant form of virtue he descry'd,
Then with malignant look, and hollow sound,
Mankind's preserver, "whither now?" he cried—

Unaw'd at this salute, the form replies,
"I go, grim power, to mend the human heart;
"To teach the young thy terrors to despise,
"The old by temperance to avoid thy dart."

" Indeed," with horrid grin, return'd the king,
" Then mark me, virtue, ere the sun appears,
" With this unerring hand, this bow, and string,
" I'll do a deed shall drown thine eyes in tears.

" One of thy choicest favourites now shall fall,
" Whose beauty few can equal, none excel,
" Scarce nineteen summers ripe, belov'd by all,
" Yet even she shall bid the world farewell."

He drew a shaft from his unerring bow,
Virtue o'erwhelm'd with terror heard the sound,
But oh! ye mortals, what must be her woe,
When FLETCHER, lovely FLETCHER, felt the wound.

THE CHASE.

FROM the coarse clumsy clown, to his high polish'd grace,
From mere rags to brocade, all mankind are in chase,
All, all, mount their hobbies, and thro' life's short day,
After fame, wealth, or pleasure, cry hark! hark away!
Hark away is the word, passion sounds her sweet horn,
And mortals too often leave reason forlorn.

From virtue's fair heights, to the deep glens of shame,
View the wily seducer pursuing his game,

She doubles, she pauses, and then 'tis all o'er,
For the maid who once pauses must live to deplore.

Hark away, &c.

Mock patriots while thundering aloud in debate,
In fancy are chasing some office of state,
And courtiers who grin at such paltry grimace,
Oft hunt for expedients to keep their dear place.

Hark away, &c.

The rough son of Neptune hunts wealth on the seas,
In hopes to come to, in the harbour of ease,
And when crimson war makes the nations all mourn,
Why, he hunts Britain's foes—or is chas'd in his turn.

Hark away, &c.

Behold how the miser keeps interest in view,
Nor till thrown in the dirt, will he cease to pursue,
View the trader hunt orders, tho' oft, 'tis well known,
He must mount the dun horse in pursuit of his own.

Hark away! &c.

Thus the world's a wide forest, abounding with game,
Where we dash with wild hope, after wealth, pleasure, fame,
For as children chase rainbows, so day after day,
Tho' we find all delusion, we cry, hark away!

Hark away! &c.

THE LEVIATHAN.

AS when the huge Leviathan is seen,
Torpid and slumbering midst his native ice,
The seamen ply the oar with anxious mien,
Quick every eye, and noiseless every voice;
And now the keen harpoon its entrance makes,
At first unfelt, till deeper grows the wound,
When lo! the enormous animal awakes,
And his broad tail spreads devastation round.—
So when a nation, cold and sluggish lies,
Silent and slow th' oppressor drives the steel,
At first the wound's unfelt—again he tries,
Deep sinks the shaft, and now the people feel,
Pierced to the quick the tail soon mounts on high,
And splendor, wealth, and power, in one sad ruin lie.

THE

WINTER'S PASSAGE.

IN labouring home from noxious skies,
While winter holds his furious reign,
Severest hardships oft arise,
To Britain's rugged sea-beat train.
Then list to what these fearless souls,
Are doom'd alas to undergo,
While you enjoy convivial bowls,
And all that friendly hearths bestow.

When for Hibernia's craggy shore,
The seaman looks with anxious gaze,
And thinks his sufferings nearly o'er,
And talks of future joyous days;
Oft clad in ice, and hail, and snow,
The baleful eastern blasts will come,
Inflicting many a bitter woe,
And baffling all attempts for home.

Impetuous now the tempest raves,
The bark no longer cleaves the deep,
But lies exposed to hideous waves,
That with o'erwhelming fury sweep;
While with the surges still in view,
And holding fast, whene'er they break,
The patient tar drench'd thro' and thro',
All shivering walks the slippery deck.

The sleet descends in cutting showers,
And now the blasts grow more severe,
The pumps require unusual powers,
The boats one black of ice appear;
Each cord is glazed, and now the frost,
Fills the poor seaboy's limbs with pain,
Yet all with firmness keep their post,
All feel, but know not to complain.

Still fiercely howls the adverse storm,
And now their putrid fare grows scant,
Yet all their perilous tasks perform,
Unmurmuring at the pangs of want;
Yes, tho' innur'd to scorching soils,
Tho' now of food and lodging bare,
With hollow cheek each veteran toils,
Yet scorns the meanness of despair.

Soon as the dreary watch expires,
He seeks that balm which sleep affords,
And now he dreams of glowing fires,
Of cheering bowls, and plenteous boards.—
All hands are call'd, he wakes, he sighs,
Throws on his cold and dripping clothes,
Then mounts the deck, and there descries
That change which softens all his woes.

The wind's at west, the frost is o'er,
With glee they loose each long-furl'd sail,
And now the vessel makes for shore,
And none but soothing thoughts prevail;
The dark-plum'd divers now appear,
And soon is seen the snow-clad land,
Swift past the rocky coast they steer,
And view at length old Mersey's strand.

TO

THE MEMORY

OF

THE UNFORTUNATE CHATTERTON.

OH! thou, who many a silent hour,
Sat'st brooding o'er thy plans profound,
Oh Chatterton! thou fairest flower,
That ever graced poetic ground;
Twas thine, in lyrics sweet and strong,
To bear th' enraptured soul along,
Twas thine to paint domestic woe,
And bid the drops of pity flow;

Twas thine in Homer's glowing strain,
To sing contention's bloody reign;
And oh! 'twas thine, with unfledged wings to soar,
Upborne by native fire, to heights untried before.

In lonely paths, and church-yards drear,
When shrouded pale-eyed ghosts are seen,
When many a wild note strikes the ear,
From fairies rev'lling on the green,
Then didst thou oft with daring fire,
Sweep o'er the solemn gothic lyre;
Then, whilst the broad moon lent her aid,(a)
To times long past thy fancy stray'd,
Then Hasting's field was heap'd with dead,
And Birtha mourn'd, and Baldwin bled;
Yet what to thee did poesy produce,
Why—when on earth neglect, when in the grave abuse.

Ah penury! thou chilling sprite,
Thou pale depresser of the mind,
That with a cloud opaque as night,
Veil'st many a genius from mankind.
Ah what avails the minstrel's art,
That melts and animates the heart,
If at his side with haggard mien,
And palsied step thy form is seen;
When on thy sterile common thrown,
The strongest powers must pine unknown;
But mark the world—let wealthy witlings raise
The decorated lyre, and all applaud the lays.

When all is hush'd, full oft to thee
Poor child of song, I sorrowing turn,
Full oft bewail thy misery,
Full oft with indignation burn,

Heavens! that a genius such as thine,
Equal to every vast design,
A genius form'd in Shakspare's mould,
Untutor'd, piercing, clear and bold,
Should pour in these enlighten'd days,
On Britain's ear, such matchless lays,
Yet find on British ground neglect and woe,
And envy's cankering sting, when in the grave below!

Oh poesy! delusive power,
Thou ignis fatuus of the soul,
Thou syren of the solemn hour,
That lur'st full oft to scenes of dole,
Oh how seducing are thy smiles,
How powerful all thy witching wiles,
Yet in the foldings of thy train,
Lurk squalid want and mental pain;

See where thy wretched victim lies,
What frantic wildness in his eyes.
Hark how he groans! see, see, he foams! he gasps!
And his convulsive hand the pois'nous phial grasps!

Stung by the world's neglect and scorn,
While conscious merit fir'd his mind,
Unfriended, foodless, and forlorn,*(b)*
With low'ring eye the bard reclined;
When lo! his mantle cover'd o'er,
With streaming, and with clotted gore,
The offspring of despair and pride,
Came stalking in, fell Suicide,
Wreaths of dark foxglove, hemlock green,
And poppy round his brows were seen,
And now his purpose dire, his blood-stain'd eyes,
And rugged front, were veil'd in soft Compassion's guise.

Rous'd from his gloom aghast and wild,
" Ah what art thou?"—the minstrel cried,
With wily tongue and aspect mild;
" Thy guardian power," the form replied,
" Sweet bard—ah why dost thou remain,
" On this vile orb, this scene of pain?
" Art thou not steeped in blackest woe?
" Hast thou a single patron? no,
" Or can thy sweetly sounding lyre,
" Make stern necessity retire?
" If not, be firm, these sordid reptiles spurn,
" (Oh Phœbus' glowing son!) and to thy sire return."

Stung to the soul, the hapless boy,
With greedy ears the sounds devour'd,
This the grim phantom saw with joy,
And still the wordy poison pour'd;

Till slackening every selfish spring,
Which makes us to existence cling,
" Would I a worthless world adorn,"
He cried—" that merits but thy scorn?
" No, misery's son this cordial take,
" And want, neglect, and pain, forsake!"
With pale distracted look, the youth complied,
Tore many a beauteous lay, and in wild ravings died.

Unshelter'd, wither'd, scarcely blown,
Thus like a blasted flower he fell,
Thus pined, unnoticed or unknown,
Thus bade a sorrowing scene farewell,
Gaze on his corse, ye gloomy train,
Whom fortune tries to bless—in vain.
Gaze on his corse, ye foodless crowd,
And you whom torturing pangs have bow'd;

Gaze too ye ardent sons of song,
Whom haply cold neglect has stung,
And when ideas black and sad arise,
Should Suicide appear—oh! spurn him and be wise!

Thus headlong rush'd the indignant soul,
From earth, where tides of rancour flow,
Where folly's sons in affluence roll,
While merit droops o'erwhelm'd with woe.
Ye gen'rous minds, if such there are,
Who make neglected worth your care,
Where dwelt you when he gazed around,
And not one gleam of comfort found?
Oh what a deed! what endless fame,
Had twined around that mortal's name,
Who from despair had snatched this wondrous boy,
Foster'd his towering muse, and flushed his soul with joy!

And one there was, sweet fancy's child,*(c)*
Whilst thou wert listening to the shade,
One reverend sage, humane and mild,
Was then on wing to give thee aid;
And scarcely had the parish shell,
Convey'd thee to the cold dark cell,
When lo! he came, O piteous tale,
But pity what wilt thou avail!
He came, by love of genius led,
Intent to raise thy drooping head;
He came, he sigh'd, and down the stream of time,
For this his praise shall flow in many a splendid rhyme.

Borne to the grave without a friend,
The workhouse glebe received thy clay,*(d)*
Thus did thy scrap of breathing end,
But oh! thy fame shall ne'er decay,

E'en Radcliff and her flowery plains,
Where thou hast pondered o'er thy strains,
Thy natal roof, thy earthy bed,
Scarce known amidst th' unhonoured dead,
When thy proud scorners are no more,
And moths have gnaw'd their pedant lore,
E'en these, the sons of fancy shall revere,
Sigh o'er thy mournful fate, and drop the sorrowing tear.

For thee, Compassion oft shall plead,
Her tenderest plaints for thee shall flow,
Her hand shall brush away each weed,
Which envy o'er thy turf may throw;
And kindly soft that hand shall bring,
For thee each blighted flower of spring,
The violet, scenting nature's breath,
Then, from her storms receiving death,

The lowly primrose born to blow,
Then 'whelm'd beneath the drifted snow,
And oft with these, and tufts of wither'd bloom,
Compassion dewy-eyed, shall deck thy early tomb.

And now where'er thy spirit stalks,
Great framer of the antique lay,
Whether thou haunt'st thy favourite walks,
Or hover'st o'er thy bed of clay;
Whether, with Savage at thy side,
Thou blam'st the world's contempt and pride;
Whether thou talk'st with Otway's shade,
Of all the misery life display'd,
Or glid'st in gloomy guise along,
Aloof from all the ghastly throng,
From one inured to many a mental pain,
Oh! deign, immortal youth, t' accept this heartfelt strain.

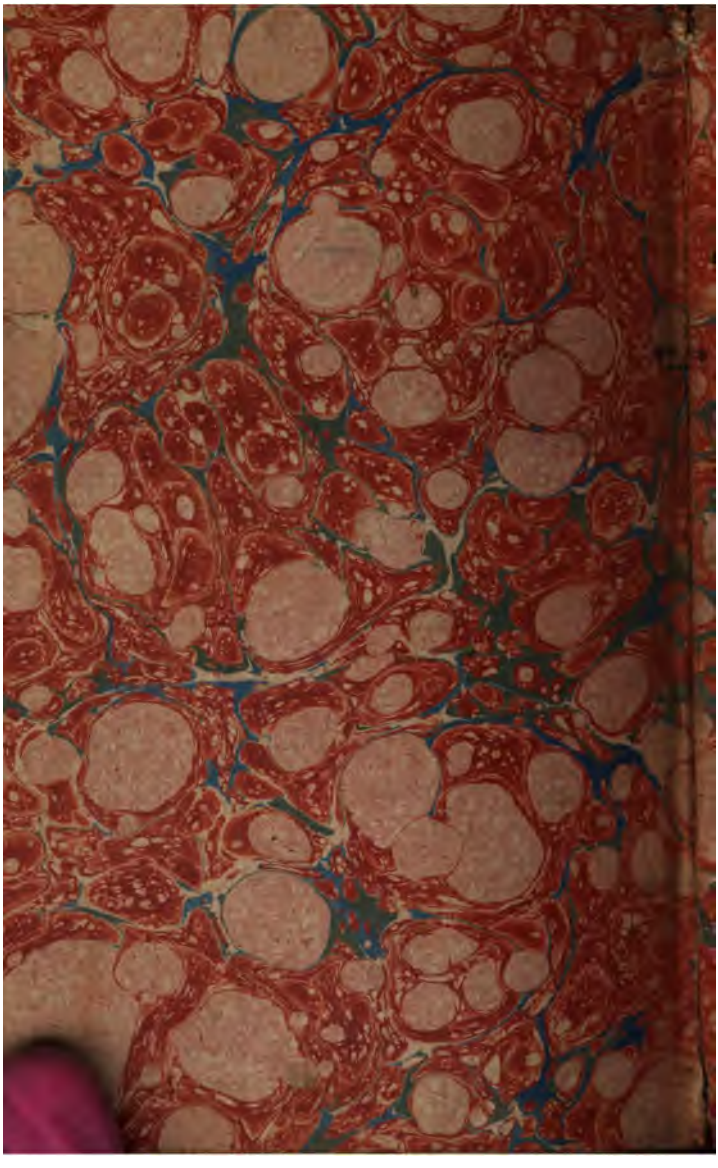
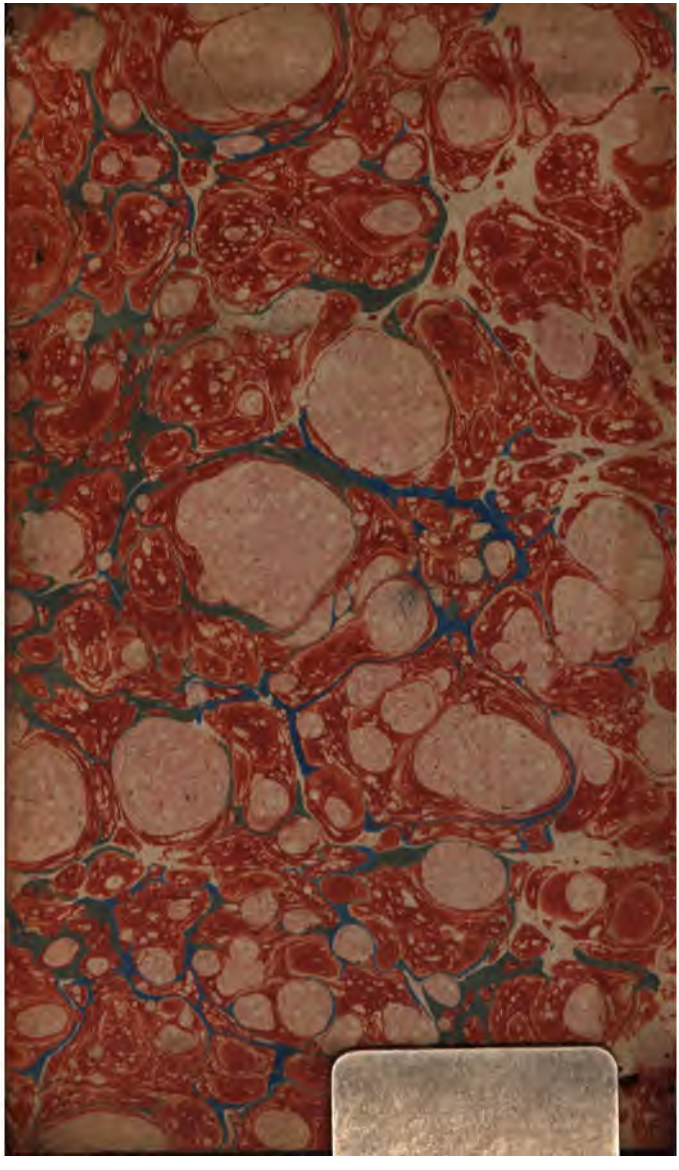
NOTES.

(a) His mother and sister have heard him say, that he found he studied best towards the full of the moon, and that he would often sit up all night and write by moon-light.

(b) Mrs. Angel, the person with whom Chatterton lodged at the time he put an end to his existence, knowing that he had not eaten any thing for two or three days, asked him, on the fatal twenty-fourth of August, to take some dinner with her, but Chatterton was offended at her invitation, (which seemed to insinuate that he was in want) and told her he was not hungry.

(c) The late Dr. Fry, head of St. John's College, Oxford, went to Bristol on purpose to inquire into the particulars of Rowley's poems, and to patronize Chatterton should he prove the author, or to deserve encouragement; but alas! he was too late! all he could learn of this astonishing boy, was, that within a few days he had poisoned himself in London!

(d) Chatterton in his ballad of *Charitie*, calls the grave the Church Glebe House, he was interred in the burial ground of Shoe-Lane Work-house.

THE END.

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